

# A P O E M

A G A I N S T

## M A R R I A G E;

Directed to that Inconsiderable Animal, call'd Husband.

**H**usband! thou Dull unpittied Miscreant,  
Wedded to Noise, to Misery, and Want;  
Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,  
Oblig'd to Cherish, and to Heat a Wife:  
Drudge on till *Fifty*; at thy Own Expence  
Breath out thy Life in one Impertinence;  
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night,  
Prompted to Act, by Duty (not Delight:)  
Christen thy froward *Bantling* every Year,  
And carefully thy Spurious Issue Rear:  
Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,  
And let the Young Imposter drein thy Purse:  
Hedge-Sparrow-like, what *Cuckoo's* have begot:  
Do thou maintain, Incorrigible Sott.  
O! I could curse the Pimp that could do less,  
He's beneath Pitty, and beyond Redress:  
Pox on him! let him go; what can I say?  
*Anethemas* on him are Thrown away;  
The wretch is marry'd, & has known the worst,  
And now his Blessing is, he can't be Curst.  
Marry'd! O Hell and Furies! name it not,  
Hence, hence you Holy Cheats; a Plot, a Plot.  
Marriage is but a Licens'd way to Sin,  
A Nooze to catch Religious Wood-cocks in:  
Or the Nick-name of some Malicious Friend,  
Begot in Hell to Prosecute Man-kind.  
'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,  
Mispender of our precious Time and Wealth;  
The Enemy to Wit, Valour, Mirth, all  
That we can Vertuous, Good, or Pleasant call.  
By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise;  
By Night the Eccho of Forgotten Joys:  
Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,  
At Home the hourly breach of what we vow'd:  
In it's Opium to our Lustful Rage,  
Which sleeps a while, and wakes again in Age.  
It heaps on all Men much (but useless) Care,  
Forthwith more Trouble, they less Happy are;  
It checks Youth, shortens life, & taints the mind,  
Our Sences pales, and strikes our Reason blind.  
Ye Gods! that Man by his own Slavish Law,  
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw:

If we would Wiser Natures Laws Obey,  
Those chalk him out a far more pleasant way,  
She bids freely Look, Like, and Enjoy.  
Therefore when lusty Youth & Wine conspire  
To Flame the Blood unto a Generous Fire;  
We must not think the Gallant will Indure  
The Durient Raging of his Calenture:  
Nor always in his single Pleasures Burn, (turn:  
Tho' Natures Hand-maid sometime serves the  
No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,  
In equal floods of Love, his flame to quench;  
One that will hold him in her Clasping Arm,  
And in that Circle all his Spirits Charm:  
That with New Motion, and unpractis'd Art,  
Can raise his Soul, & then vein-snare his Heart.  
Hence springs the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,  
Always Begot in Passion, and in Heat:  
But the Dull Off-spring of the Marriage-Bed,  
What is it? but a Humane shape in Lead:  
A Sloathful Lump Ingender'd of all Ills,  
Begot like *D---* against the Parents Wills.  
If it be Cuckoldiz'd, it's Doubly Spoil'd,  
The Mothers Fear's Intail'd upon the Child.  
Thus whether Illegitimate, or Not,  
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are Begot:  
Let no Enobled Soul himself Debase,  
By Lawful Ways to Dasterdize his Race;  
But if he must Pay Natures Debt in Kind,  
To check the growing Danger, let him find  
Some willing Female out; What tho' she be  
The very Scum and Dregs of Infamy:  
Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Baud & Whore,  
Close-stool to *Venus*, Natures Common-shore,  
Impudence, Folly, Brandy, and Disease,  
The *Sundays* Crack for *Suburb* Prentices;  
What then? she's better than a Wife by half,  
And if thou'rt still Unmarry'd, thou art safe.  
with whores thou can'st but venture, what is lost:  
May be Redeem'd again with Care and Cost;  
But a Damn'd Wife, Inevitable Fate,  
Destroys, Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

F I N I S.